

TIM  
McCOY  
No.20

WESTERN MOVIE STORIES

10¢  
F.P.I.

# TIM MCCOY

TIM MCCOY'S

Guest Star



JIMMY WAKELY



Tim McCoy BRINGS BACK

**THE  
BRING-EM-BACK**  
/AD

AN UNUSUAL CATTLE-RUSTLING STORY







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



by **WESTERN ACES**  
MARIO DE MARCO-



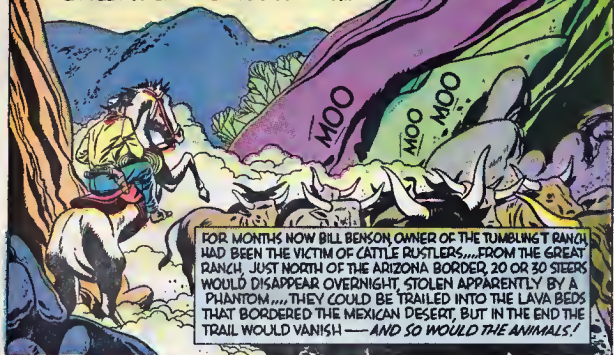
## BOB STEELE

FILM WORK TO BOB ISN'T WORK TO HIM, IT IS A FORM OF RELAXATION BECAUSE HE ENJOYS HARD-RIDING, FIST-FIGHTS (HE WAS INTER-SCHOLASTIC MIDDLE-WEIGHT CHAMP AT SCHOOL) AND TACKLING OF VILLIANS (HE HAD AN UNUSUAL SCHOOL GRIDIRON RECORD)!

AT SCHOOL HE WAS A FOUR-LETTER ATHLETE IN FOOT-BALL, BASEBALL, BASKETBALL, SWIMMING. HE WAS AN ICE-MAN, LIFE-GUARD AN ALSO A BOXER.

# TIM MCCOY BRINGS BACK THE *BRING 'EM BACK KID*

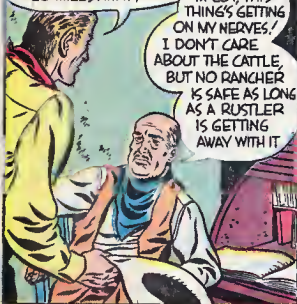
AND PROVES THAT YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW A  
CATTLE RUSTLER WHEN YOU SEE ONE...



FOR MONTHS NOW BILL BENSON, OWNER OF THE TUMBLINGT RANCH HAD BEEN THE VICTIM OF CATTLE RUSTLERS....FROM THE GREAT RANCH, JUST NORTH OF THE ARIZONA BORDER, 20 OR 30 STEERS WOULD DISAPPEAR OVERNIGHT, STOLEN APPARENTLY BY A PHANTOM....THEY COULD BE TRAILED INTO THE LAVA BEDS THAT BORDERED THE MEXICAN DESERT, BUT IN THE END THE TRAIL WOULD VANISH — AND SO WOULD THE ANIMALS!

WE WERE LOOKING FOR THE RUSTLERS DOWN NEAR THE MOUNTAINS, MR. BENSON, AND THEN THE STEERS DISAPPEAR UP NEAR RAMON'S PASS, 20 MILES AWAY.

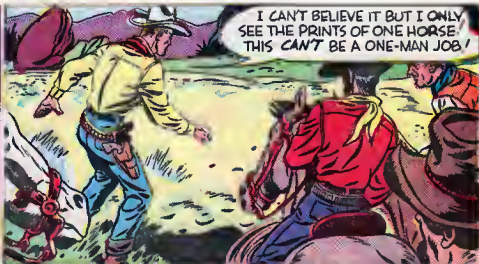
MCCOY, THIS THING'S GETTING ON MY NERVES! I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE CATTLE, BUT NO RANCHER IS SAFE AS LONG AS A RUSTLER IS GETTING AWAY WITH IT



I'M BRINGING IN A LOT OF GRASS-ROPE MEN FROM TEXAS — THEY CAN SHOOT — THE NEXT SON OF A GUN THAT RUSTLES ANY OF OUR COWS IS LOADING HIMSELF FULL OF TROUBLE — WE'LL PICK UP HIS TRAIL AND STAY WITH IT 'TIL WE REACH HIM WITH A ROPE!



THE  
NEXT WEEK  
SEES THE  
TUMBLING T  
HANDS  
HEADED  
INTO THE  
DESERT  
TRAILING  
MORE  
STOLEN  
BEEF...



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT BUT I ONLY  
SEE THE PRINTS OF ONE HORSE  
THIS CAN'T BE A ONE-MAN JOB!

I SURE HATE TO ADMIT  
WE'RE LICKED THIS  
TRIP TIM

WELL, WE'LL BE OUT OF  
WATER IN THE MORNING  
AND NOBODY IN THIS  
CROWD KNOWS THE  
DESERT WELL ENOUGH  
TO FIND MORE

YOU'RE RIGHT, TIM — THIS  
JOB'LL TAKE SOMEONE WHO  
KNOWS THE COUNTRY

THERE'S  
A LITTLE TOWN  
ACROSS THE BORDER  
SOMOZA—MAYBE  
I COULD FIND  
SOMEONE THERE

IN THE CANTINA AT SOMOZA —

—AND SENOR BENSON WILL PAY  
PLENTY DINERO TO THE MAN WHO  
WILL LEAD HIM TO  
THE RUSTLERS!

CARRAMBA!  
NOT FOR ME!!  
LOS BANDIDOS! THEY  
KILL! NO CAN DO, SENOR!

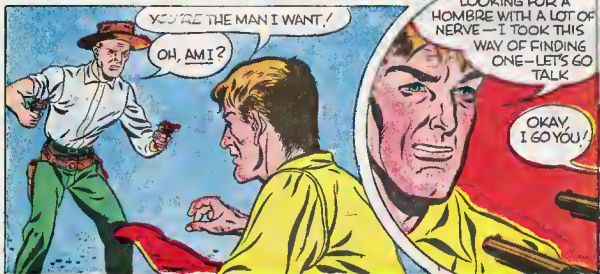
THERE ISN'T A MAN IN THE  
WHOLE DISTRICT'LL DO IT.  
THOSE MEXICANS ARE  
PLUMB SCARED  
TO DEATH

TIM, YOU'VE  
GOT TO FIND THE  
MAN—WHILE YOU WERE  
AWAY WE LOST FORTY HEAD  
OFF THE WEST ACRES—  
IT'S GETTING ON  
MY NERVES

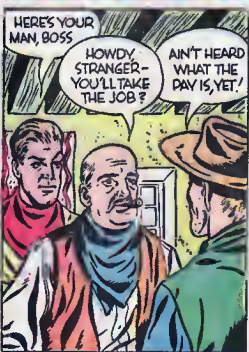
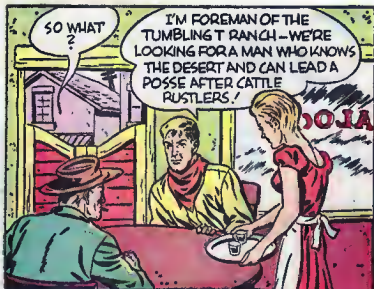
I'LL GIVE FIVE THOUSAND  
DOLLARS TO THE MAN WHO  
HAS THE NERVE TO GET  
BACK THAT FORTY HEAD  
AND BRING IN THE  
MAN THAT  
RUSTLED  
THEM!

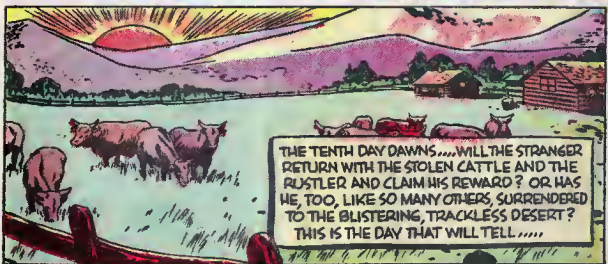
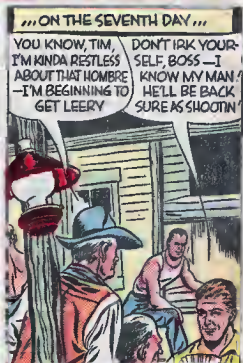
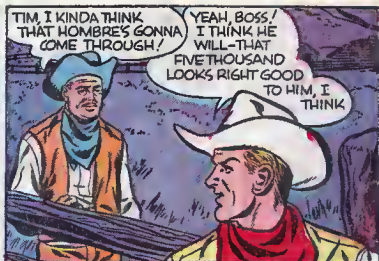


A FEW DAYS LATER IN THE TOWN OF PIUTE PASS, ARIZ...

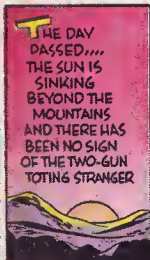






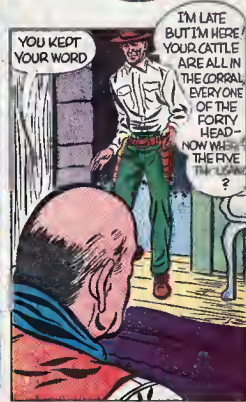
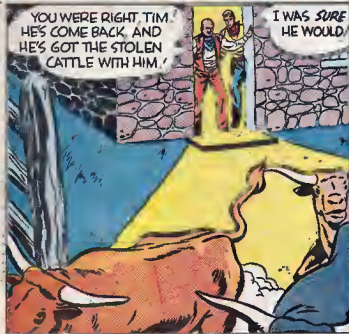
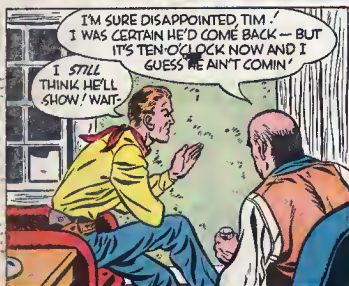






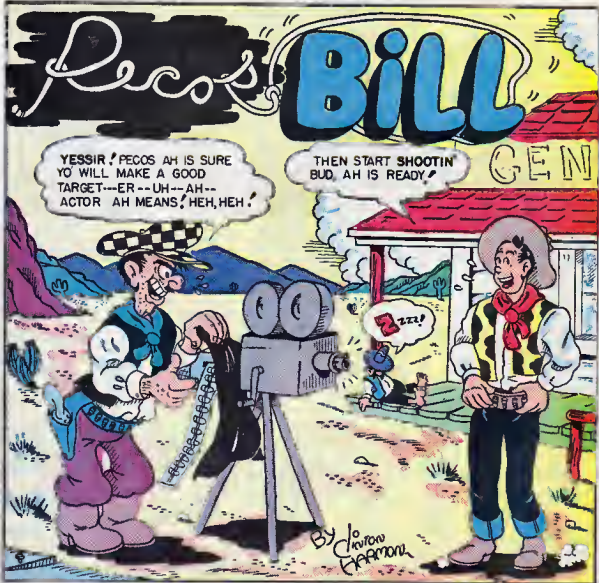
WELL, THE BRING 'EM BACK KID DIDN'T SHOW UP, DID HE ?

NOPE, BUT TIM AIN'T LOST HOPE YET—HE'S COUNTIN' ON HIM

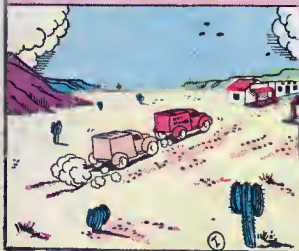




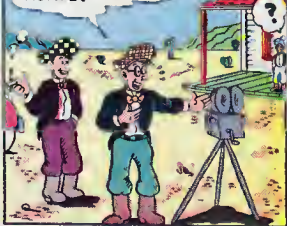


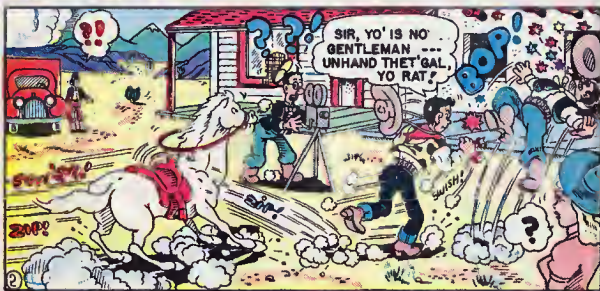
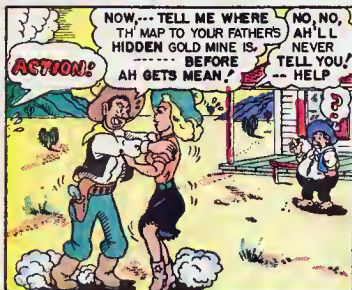
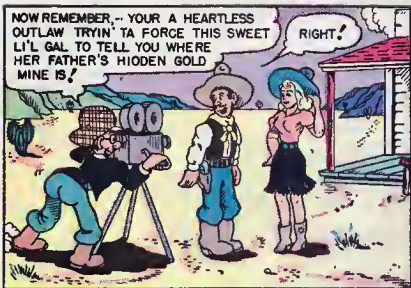


ONE DAY TWO TRUCKS ROLL INTO THE LITTLE WESTERN TOWN WHERE PECOS BILL LIVES----

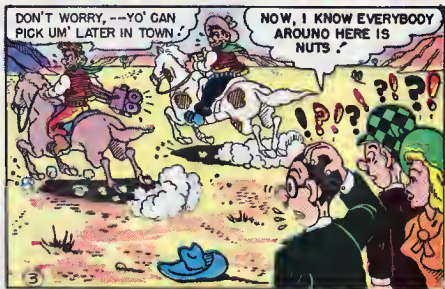
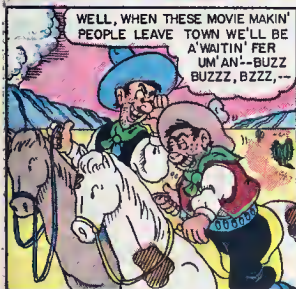
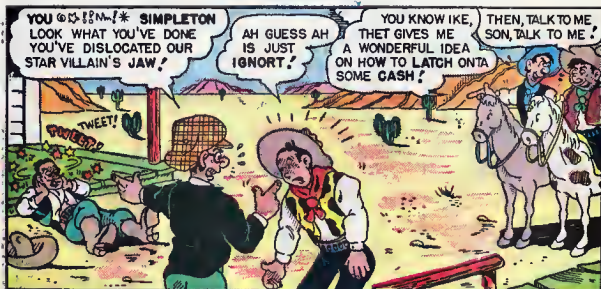


YES,--- THIS IS A PERFECT SPOT TO SHOOT THE WESTERN SCENES FOR OUR NEW PICTURE!









LATER---BACK IN TOWN---

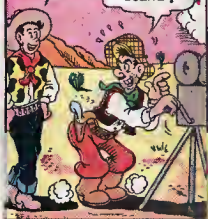
HMM--- SOME MORE  
MOVIE MAKIN' PEOPLE---  
AH SHORE WON'T PULL  
UH BONER THIS TIME!

**ACTION!**



MAKIN' UH  
MOVIE, EH?

YEAH, WE IS  
SHOOTIN' UH  
BANK ROBBERY  
SCENE!



AIN'T THIS THRILLIN' SHERIFF,---  
LOOKS JUST LIKE TH' REAL THING  
INSTEAD O' JUST A REEL THING!

SHORE DO!



HEY, WHERE IS YO  
GOIN', YOU IS  
FORGETTIN' YOUR  
CAMERA!?

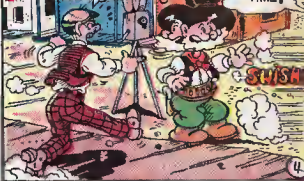
OH, AH HAS TA  
GO AFTER MORE  
FILM,---WE JUST  
RAN OUT, HEH,HEH



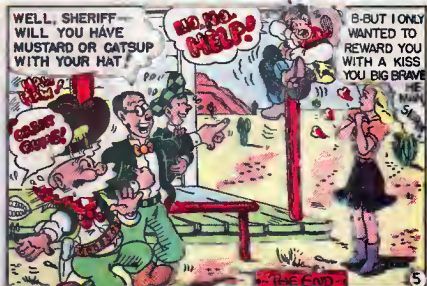
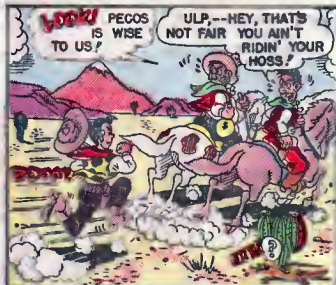
PECOS, SHERIFF, YOU  
CABBAGE HEADS!  
THAT WAS RATTLESNAKE  
IKE AN' GOFERFACED  
MIKE, AN' THEY REALLY  
ROBBED TH' BANK!

WAIT, PECOS  
AIN'T YOU GONNA TAKE  
YO HOSS???

NOPE,  
AH IS IN UH  
HURRY THIS  
TIME!

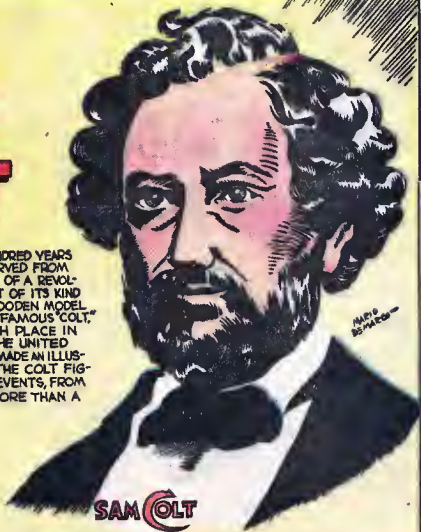






# TAE COLT

IT WAS MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, A YOUNG SEAMAN CARVED FROM A PIECE OF WOOD, A MODEL OF A REVOLVER WHICH WAS THE FIRST OF ITS KIND EVER ATTEMPTED. THE WOODEN MODEL WAS THE REPLIC OF THE FAMOUS "COLT," WHICH LATER HELD A HIGH PLACE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE UNITED STATES. THE ARTIST HAS MADE AN ILLUSTRATED STORY OF HOW THE COLT FIGURED IN MANY HISTORIC EVENTS, FROM THE BIRTH OF THE COLT MORE THAN A CENTURY AGO.....



TO BE EXACT IT WAS IN 1830 THAT YOUNG SAM COLT FIRST CAME UPON THE IDEA OF A REVOLVING GUN WITH A AUTOMATIC REVOLUTION AND LOCKING OF CYLINDER



A FEW YEARS LATER, LACKING MONEY FOR A SKILLED GUNSMITH, HE HIRED A MECHANIC WHO MADE TWO CRUDE MODELS, ONE DID NOT FIRE AND THE OTHER BLEW UP!



AT THE AGE OF 18, YOUNG SAM WAS NOT DISCOURAGED BY THE FAILURE OF HIS EXPERIMENTS. HE SET OUT TO EARN ENOUGH MONEY TO FURTHER HIS AMBITIONS. HE GREW A BEARD AND ADOPTED THE NAME OF "DR. COLT" AND TRAVELED FROM TOWN TO TOWN DEMONSTRATING THE EFFECTS OF LAUGHING GAS...

THIS WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE COLT FORTUNE.

STEP RIGHT UP GENTS! I HAVE IN MY HAND A SMALL BOTTLE THAT IS GUARANTEED TO MAKE ANY MAN, BOY, OR GIRL LAUGH!



BY 1835 YOUNG COLT HAD MADE ENOUGH MONEY TO BEGIN HIS EXPERIMENTS ON HIS REVOLVER.

JUST A FEW MORE DAYS AND I'LL BE READY TO SHOW THE WORLD MY NEW REVOLVER!



A PATENT WAS GRANTED TO HIM FOR HIS FOLDING-TRIGGER HAMMER REVOLVER AND HAMMERLESS RIFLE

AT LAST! AT LAST! IT HAS BEEN A LONG STRUGGLE BUT NOW NOTHING CAN STOP ME!



SHORTLY AFTER A BALTIMORE GUNSMITH MANUFACTURED HIS FIRST COLT.

HERE YOU ARE SIR, AND MAY I SAY THAT IT IS A VERY UNUSUAL DESIGN!

IT MAY BE UNUSUAL MY GOOD MAN, BUT IT IS A VERY PRACTICAL GUN!



SAM TRAVELED TO ENGLAND, HERE HE APPLIED FOR A BRITISH PATENT FOR PROTECTION ON HIS GUN

HERE YOU ARE SIR, A PATENT FOR YOUR COLT REVOLVER.

THANK YOU SIR.



COLT THEN RETURNED BACK TO AMERICA, ORGANIZED THE PATENT ARMS MANUFACTURE CO. IN PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.





SHORTLY AFTER THE FIRM BEGAN TO FAIL BEFORE BANKRUPTCY COLT GATHERED 50 OF THE FAMOUS PATERSON COLT REPEATING RIFLES AND SOLD THEM TO COL. WILLIAM HARVEY FOR USE IN THE SEMINOLE WAR AT A PRICE OF \$125 EACH. HE STARTED NORTH WITH ABOUT \$6000 IN HIS POCKET TO REORGANIZE HIS FIRM. FATE STEPPED IN HE WAS SHIP WRECKED AND BARELY ESCAPED WITH HIS LIFE. HIS MONEY AND BELONGINGS WERE LOST IN THE SUNKEN SHIP.

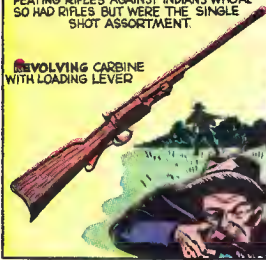


THE COMING OF THE MEXICAN WAR AND THE SETTLEMENT OF THE WEST, STARTED COLT ON THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.



THE ARMY MADE GOOD USE OF THE REPEATING RIFLES AGAINST INDIANS WHOALSO HAD RIFLES BUT WERE THE SINGLE SHOT ASSORTMENT.

REVOLVING CARBINE WITH LOADING LEVER



LET'S GO MEN, WE GOT THEM ON THE RUN, THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF THESE RIFLES!



WITHOUT THE AID OF THE COLT REPEATING RIFLES AGAINST INDIANS AND RENEGADES, PROGRESS IN THE WEST WOULD HAVE BEEN STILL.

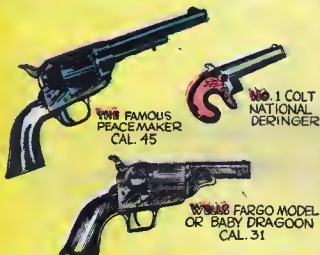


THE COLT REVOLVER CONTRIBUTED ITS SUCCESS ALSO TO THE COLT REVOLVER THE FAMOUS PONY EXPRESS UNABLE TO CARRY EXTRA WEIGHT COULD NOT CARRY A RIFLE BUT THE RIDER WAS ABLE TO CARRY A COLT REVOLVER IN HIS BELT FOR HIS ONLY DEFENSE!



THE RAILROAD WHICH WAS EXPANDING OVER BARREN PLAINS AND WOODED WILD LANDS, DEPENDED UPON COLT RIFLES AND REVOLVERS AGAINST THE HOSTILE CHEYENNES AND SIOUX INDIANS.

BELOW ARE SOME OF THE POPULAR MODELS USED IN THE WEST



THE COMING OF THE GOLD RUSH ERA SKYROCKETED THE SALE OF THE COLT GUN WHICH WAS ORIGINALLY SELLING FOR \$25 TO THE OUT FITTERS WHO IN TURN SOLD THEM TO THE MINERS FOR \$150 TO \$250!



DURING THE CIVIL WAR IN THE YEAR 1862, SAMUEL COLT PASSED AWAY, BUT PROGRESS OF THE COLT DID NOT STOP THERE BECAUSE ITS FOUNDER HAD DIED, IT WENT ON, MIXING IN THE PAGES OF HISTORY



# Pioneering With Gen. Putnam

*From The Scrapbook of Col. Jim McCoy*

The next time you visit Lake George and observe its placid waters it will be difficult for you to realize that this little picture lake was once the scene of bloody battles and savage Indian attacks. The magnificent forests, reflected in the calm surface of the blue waters, are so restful that the cruelties of savage fighting hardly seem to have a place in such a setting. Now a number of hotels grace the banks of Lake George. Sail-boats and canoes of summer holidayers dot its waters. Peace reigns where once chaos was the master.

We must thank General Putnam for this fairy land. He was born in 1718 when roads were dangerously narrow and clearings unsafe. Children did not go alone to school because of the unfriendly Indians.

Young Putnam learned to shoot and trap and became noted as a fine fisherman. He had a good vigorous frame and loved the forest. Many a day he had to cut his way through this same forest to make a path that would lead him to school. Israel went to school but left before he mastered the three R's. General Putnam was often heard to say "Self-reliance makes the man. A pioneer's son from early youth is taught the battle of adversity. He learns a rough and hard-grained philosophy, fire, determination and perseverance."

Israel Putnam could not write his name, but he did things. Long before the United States was united, Israel Putnam lived where forests were deep, men were rough and passions were strong. To Putnam, who was looking for adventure, this was an ample opportunity to gratify his desires.

Even as a small boy, this little pioneer possessed a coolness and daring which made him a leader among his contemporaries.

One day when very young he climbed a tree in order to save a bird's nest. Just as he was about to reach the nest, his clothes caught on a limb. He slipped to one side and would have fallen to the ground had not a curved branch caught and held him. One of his playmates named Randall was in the group, with a rifle under his arm, Randall was noted to be a crack shot. Putnam called to him,

"Jim Randall is there a bullet left in your rifle?"

"Yes," answered the laughing Randall, who had never seen such a funny sight as Putnam presented.

"You see this limb that holds me prisoner up here? Fire at it." Jim Randall was very reluctant about obeying this order. He was afraid he might hit Putnam instead of the limb.

"Shoot," answered Israel. "Better blow out my brains than allow myself to be choked to death, as I soon shall be if you don't shoot. Shoot! I tell you, Shoot!"

A sharp crack sounded in the forest; the splinters flew from the branch that held Israel, and with a thump, the future general fell to the ground.

"Are you hurt?" asked his companions.

"No!" and furthermore, I aim to have that bird's nest." Two days later Young Putnam returned, climbed that same tree and captured his prize.

Israel Putnam grew up with deeds of daring. Life in old New England was good for hunters, pioneers, and frontiersmen. Land was cheap and easily had, men married early in life, and raised large families. Putnam, too, took a wife at the age of twenty and settled near the Mohegan River at Pomfret, Connecticut, upon a plot of cleared ground that his father had given him.

He lived happily for a number of years, interesting himself in his farm and the breeding of sheep. His flocks were the finest in that part of the country and he made a great deal of money from the sale of his wool. There was a large powerful female wolf nearby who liked mutton as well as he did. Each night she would raid the farm, sinking her cruel jaws into the throat of an unsuspecting lamb, kill it and drag the body home to her lair to feed her numerous young.

Putnam became enraged when he saw his flock diminishing. Traps were set for the old wolf. Once she was caught but gnawed her toes and regained her liberty. They set dogs on her trail but she eluded them.



Putnam was burning with anger and vowed to avenge the loss of his sheep. A large group of men and boys gathered at the mouth of the cave where the wolf lived, bringing atraw and sulphur to smoke out their enemy.

Several hounds entered the cave but the wolf bit and clawed them so savagely that she drove them yelping, to the open. Smoke and sulphur fumes could not move her. With glowing eyeballs and savage howls, she stood at the mouth of the cave and dared her pursuers.

For twenty-four hours she kept the hunters at bay and Putnam lost all patience. "I am going into the cave myself!" he shouted.

"No! No!" cried the man, "you will be torn to shreds."

Putnam could not be dissuaded. He selected two pieces of birch-bark, lighting one for a torch and holding the other before him as he penetrated the gloomy depths of the cave. The way was low and narrow—he had to advance on his hands and knees. He tied a rope to one foot and slowly crawling along, soon came to the rear of the cave. There stood the wolf backed against the wall, snarling at him. She snapped at him, opened her jaws, and moved forward as though she were going to spring.

Putnam pulled on the rope and like sailors upon the windlass of a vessel, hand over hand they dragged him back into the open. His clothes were torn, he was bruised and scratched, but his first words were, "Boys, give me my rifle, I'm going in again, and finish that wolf."

In a moment he was in the mouth of the cave crawling towards the savage animal who, terrified at the burning birch, slunk back into the cave. Nearer and nearer came the angered Putnam until the flickering gleam of his torch made it possible for him to spot his enemy. Then, raising his rifle to his shoulder, he fired at the head of the wolf. A dull roar was followed by a cloud of suffocating smoke. Giving a kick to the rope, the fearless Putnam was pulled into the open, dragging the wolf by its head.

The newspapers of France and England featured this heroic battle, but as was the custom, exaggerated the deed and stated; "There were ten wolves in the cave, and a bear with her cubs." "Put" had a reputation far greater than he was entitled to for this episode.

When the British and American troops gathered at Fort Edward for an advance upon the French strongholds at Crown Point and Ticonderoga on Lake George, "Old Put" was sent forward to discover the number of the enemy and the disposition of its forces. With him went young Lieutenant Durkee, who was as brave and skilled as Putnam himself.

The French had an unusual method of arranging their sentinels which caused the two scouts much difficulty. The English posted their guards near their fires but the French and Indians kindled their fires in the centre of their line, and posted their sentries in the surrounding darkness. Thinking the French patrols were behind the fires, Durkee and Putnam crept forward and were soon in the circle of bright flames. Suddenly a raging war-whoop rang out, and there they were discovered by their Indian enemies. A shot rang out, injuring Durkee in the thigh. Knowing that safety lay only in flight, they turned to make a getaway.

Crash! sounded the rifles in the rear, and a hail of leaden missiles surrounded them. They reached a giant log and crouched well beyond the range of the bullets.

Putnam began to laugh thinking that they were now out of danger.

"Let's drink to our good fortune! I've a little rum in my canteen, Durkee, you drink first." Just as it reached his lips, there was a Whizz! as a bullet pierced the tin. Not a single drop of rum remained. They both laughed at this, but stopped laughing when they found next day that they had fourteen bullet holes in the blanket they carried wrapped around their shoulders. "It was indeed a narrow escape," they said.

"Old Put" was the hero of many hazardous adventures. One day, he and a few men were in a boat on the Eastern side of the Hudson River. Suddenly he heard a whistle from the opposite shore announcing the approach of danger; the men shouted to him that a band of Indians were descending upon him. Below was a waterfall and rapids of unknown dangers. What was he to do? As the warning reached him, he caught sight of the Indians. If he crossed the river he would be instantly killed. Unhesitatingly, he turned the bow of the boat towards the rapids and was soon headed for the eddying current. The boat swirled in the current and Putnam's companions looked about them in terror. Old Put did not lose his head. Quickly seizing an oar, he stuck it through a rowlock in the stern and guided the little boat through the foaming waters to safety. Putnam's fame became well established not only among white men, but among the red-men as well.

In December, 1779 he began to feel ill and not many years after that he died quietly at his farm, surrounded by his loved ones. He was buried with all the honor it was possible to bestow upon a soldier who had so prominently figured in the history of the New World.

So let's bow our heads and utter a prayer of thankfulness for such brave heroes as our Pioneering General—Israel Putnam.

TIM MCCOY

# WESTERN LINGO

WITH COL. TIM MCCOY



WELL HELLO THERE AGAIN READERS WE HAVE GOTTEN SO MANY SWELL NOTICES ON OUR FIRST SERIES OF "WESTERN LINGO" THAT WE DECIDED TO HAVE ANOTHER CHAPTER ON THEM. IT'S BEEN FUN LOOKING THEM UP AND THE ARTIST HAS SIMPLIFIED MY JOB BY PUTTING THE WORDS IN PICTURE FORM.

# TIM McCOY

A COMMON PHRASE IN THE EARLY WEST WAS "HIS ACE IN THE HOLE" WHICH MEANT, CONCEALED WEAPON HIDDEN UNDER HIS COAT OR IN A SHOULDER HOLSTER



ACORN CALF- A SMALL CALF WHO IS A WEAKLING OR RUNTY



ADIOS- A SPANISH WORD, USED IN THE BORDER CATTLE COUNTRY, MEANS GOOD-BYE SO LONG, OR I'LL SEE YOU LATER.



DANIEL BOON- A CONTEMPTUOUS TITLE GIVEN THE LONG-HAIRED PSEUDO SCOUTS AND WOULD BE BAD-MEN.



VELVET COUCH- COWBOY'S SLANG NAME FOR HIS BED-ROLL



WAR BONNET- ANOTHER SLANG NAME FOR COWBOY'S HAT

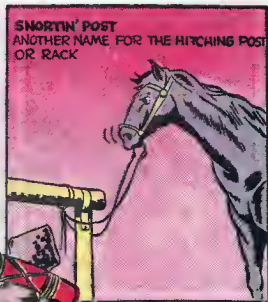
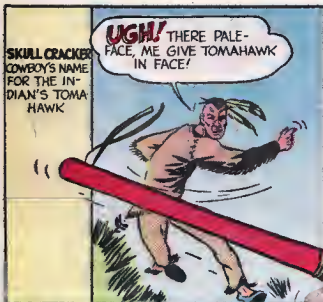


DEWEY- I DON'T KNOW HOW THIS WAS EVER GIVEN THIS NAME BUT IT MEANS A SIX-SHOOTER

A'RIGHT YA' CARD-SHARP YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD WITH YOUR TONGUE, LET'S SEE YA ARGUE WITH "DEWEY" HERE, AND WIN!







**OILER -**  
SLANG NAME FOR A MEXICAN



**LEANED AGAINST A BULLET GOIN' PAST -**  
AN EXPRESSION MEANING THAT THE ONE  
SPOKEN OF WAS SHOT.



**FLIP COCK -**  
TO FAN A GUN



**KNOB-HEAD**  
NICKNAME FOR A MULE



**HIGH-TAIL**  
TO DEPART SUDDENLY



**BURY THE HATCHET -**  
EXPRESSION OF INDIAN  
ORIGIN MEANING TO  
CEASE HOSTILITIES  
AND BECOME FRIENDS  
AGAIN

**CHIEF SITTING BULL**  
WE WILL BURY OUR  
QUARRELS, AND UNITE  
INTO ONE GREAT TRIBE!



WELL READERS, I HOPE YOU  
ENJOYED THIS SMALL "POW  
WOW" IF YOU WANT MORE OF  
THIS TYPE STORY, WRITE IN  
AND LET ME KNOW.



TIM McCOY

MONOGRAM  
PICTURES

JIMMY  
WAKELY

IN

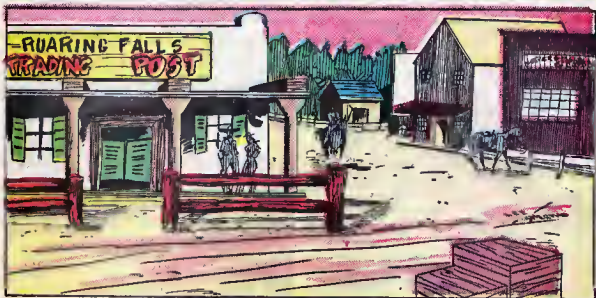
# "GUN RUNNER"

WITH

NOEL NEAL

"CANNONBALL" TAYLOR · MAE CLARKE ·  
KENNE DUNCAN · MARSHALL REED ·  
CAROL HENRY · STEVE CLARKE

PRODUCED BY LOUIS GRAY





KATE DIAMOND - OWNER OF THE  
TRADING POST AND LEADER OF THE  
GUN-SMUGGLING  
GANG...

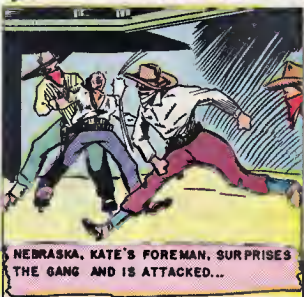


KATE SHORTCHANGES  
SMUGGLER STACEY  
AND THEY ARGUE...



NO BODY AROUND- LET'S  
GET THOSE GUNS...

STACEY'S MEN ATTEMPT TO STEAL  
KATE'S HIDDEN GUNS...

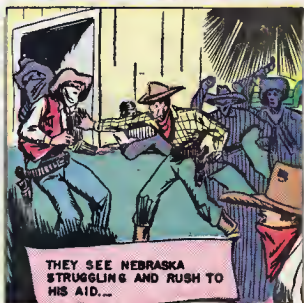


NEBRASKA, KATE'S FOREMAN, SURPRISES  
THE GANG AND IS ATTACKED...



IN THE MEANTIME

JIMMY AND CANNONBALL ENROUTE TO  
CANON CITY TO FILE A HOMESTEAD  
CLAIM, PASS THROUGH ROARING FALLS...



THEY SEE NEBRASKA  
STRUGGLING AND RUSH TO  
HIS AID...

**JIMMY MEETS SHERIFF HARRIS AND  
HIS DAUGHTER JESSICA...**

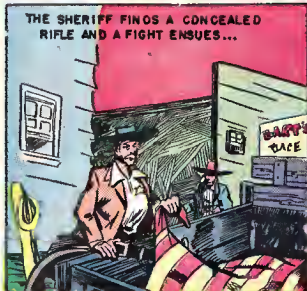
**NOEL NEILL  
AS JESSICA**



**DANNY, A HALF-BREED, COMES  
INTO TOWN IN HIS BUCKBOARD.**



**THE SHERIFF FINDS A CONCEALED  
RIFLE AND A FIGHT ENSUES...**



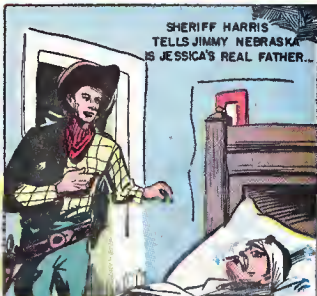
**DANNY KATE'S  
LIASON WITH THE  
INDIANS, WOUNDS  
THE SHERIFF AND  
TRIES TO ESCAPE...**

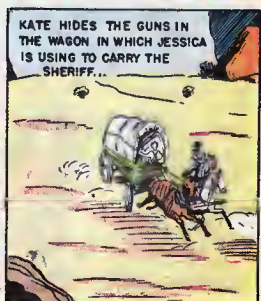
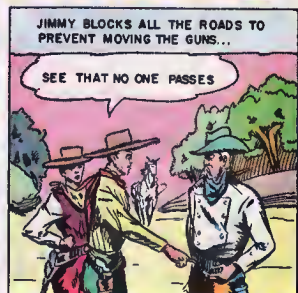
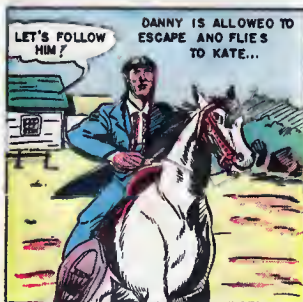


**JIMMY CAPTURES DANNY  
AND LEADS HIM OFF  
TO JAIL...**



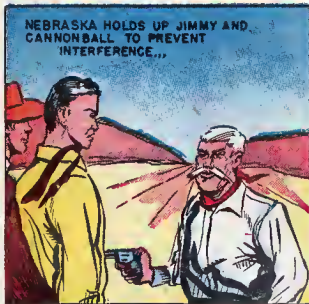
**SHERIFF HARRIS  
TELLS JIMMY NEBRASKA  
IS JESSICA'S REAL FATHER...**







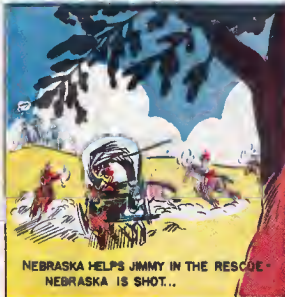
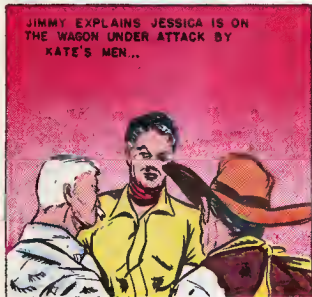
NEBRASKA HOLDS UP JIMMY AND  
CANNONBALL TO PREVENT  
INTERFERENCE...



JIMMY TELLS NEBRASKA  
ABOUT JESSICA WHOM HE  
THOUGHT WAS DEAD...

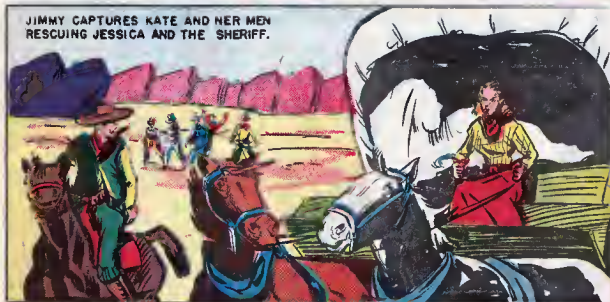


JIMMY EXPLAINS JESSICA IS ON  
THE WAGON UNDER ATTACK BY  
KATE'S MEN...



NEBRASKA HELPS JIMMY IN THE RESCUE -  
NEBRASKA IS SHOT...

JIMMY CAPTURES KATE AND HER MEN  
RESCUING JESSICA AND THE SHERIFF.





BILLY WAS BORN IN NEW YORK CITY IN 1859. AT 12 YEARS OF AGE WHILE IN SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO, HE KILLED A MAN WHO HAD INSULTED HIS MOTHER.

## BILLY THE KID

**BILLY** WILLIAM H. BONNEY JR. HE LIVED A FAST AND WILD LIFE. BILLY WAS THE MAIN FIGURE IN THE BLOODY LINCOLN COUNTY WAR IN NEW MEXICO. ALTHOUGH 'THE KID' LIVED A SHORT LIFE, TWENTY-ONE YEARS TO BE EXACT, HE HAD TWENTY-ONE DEAD MEN TO HIS CREDIT, ONE FOR EACH YEAR OF HIS LIFE! HE WAS FAST AS LIGHTNING AND A DEAD SHOT. PAT GARRET WHO WAS A ONE TIME FRIEND, FIRED THE SHOT THAT KILLED ONE OF THE GREATEST GUN-MEN OF THE WEST!

# ALONG THE TRAIL WITH COL. TIM McCOY

## THE BIRTH OF TOMBSTONE

THE BIRTH OF THIS FAMOUS WESTERN TOWN BROUGHT RICHES TO THE MANY WHO DUG BENEATH ITS EARTH, ADVENTURE TO THE ONES WHO CRAVED FOR IT, AND DEATH TO THOSE WHO WERE UNFORTUNATE TO BE A LITTLE SLOW ON THE DRAW. THE BEGINNING OF TOMBSTONE'S BIRTH WAS BY NO MEANS EXCITING, BUT AS IT GREW SO DID ITS GRAVEYARD!

MARK SMITH

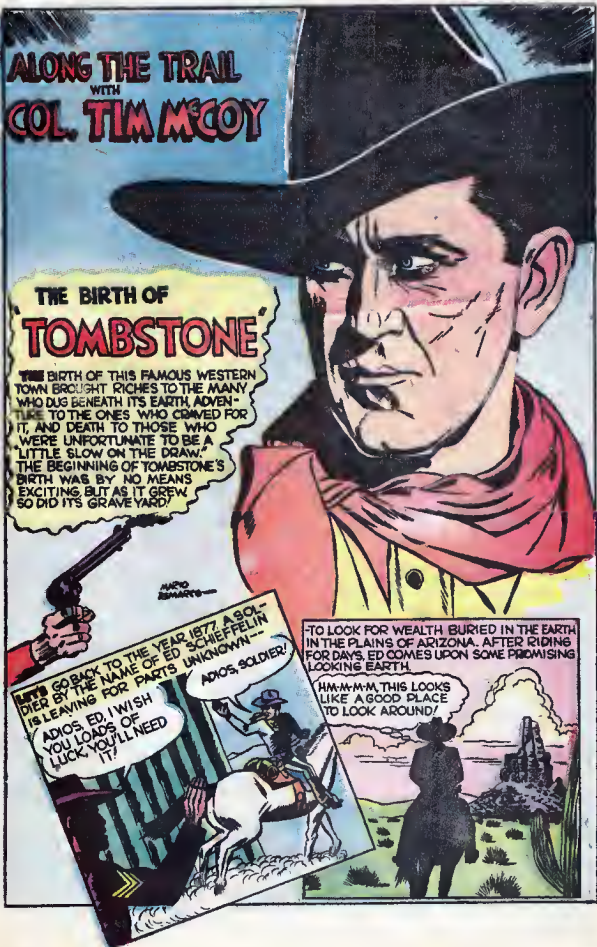
LET'S GO BACK TO THE YEAR 1877. A SOLDIER BY THE NAME OF ED SCHEFFELIN IS LEAVING FOR PARTS UNKNOWN--

ADIOS, ED, I WISH YOU LOADS OF LUCK, YOU'LL NEED IT!

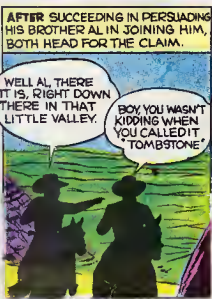
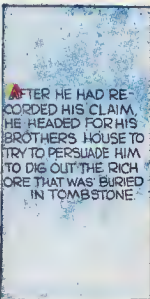
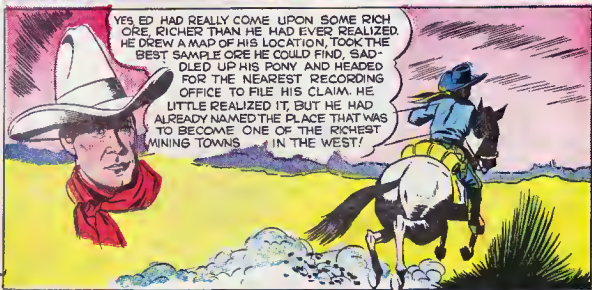
ADIOS, SOLDIER!

TO LOOK FOR WEALTH BURIED IN THE EARTH IN THE PLAINS OF ARIZONA. AFTER RIDING FOR DAYS, ED COMES UPON SOME PROMISING LOOKING EARTH.

HM-M-M-M, THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO LOOK AROUND!





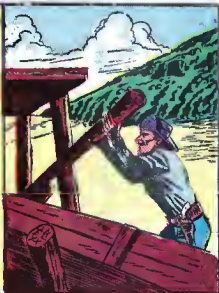


A FEW DAYS LATER ED STRUCK IT RICH

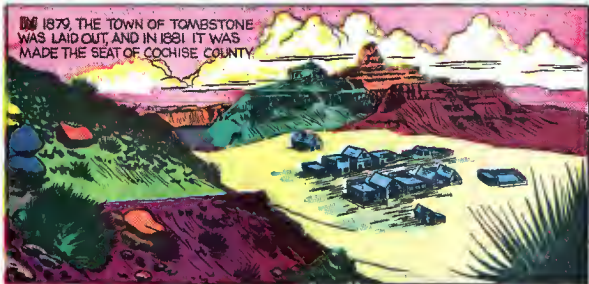
**AL! AL! WE HAVE STRUCK IT RICH!**



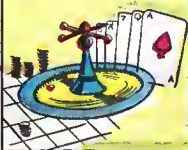
WHEN THE NEWS GOT AROUND OF THE RICH STRIKE, MINES WERE STAKED OUT IN THE VICINITY OF THE SCHEFFLIN MINE.



IN 1879, THE TOWN OF TOMBSTONE WAS LAID OUT, AND IN 1891 IT WAS MADE THE SEAT OF COCHISE COUNTY.



OUTLAWS, CARD-SHARPS, GAMBLERS ARRIVED TO OPEN GAMBLING HALLS. OUT OF THREE BUILDINGS, TWO WERE SALOONS OR GAMBLING DENS.



THE CEMETERY BECAME OVERCROWDED FROM THE SHOOTINGS.

**WHY YA LOUSY TIN HORN I SEEN YA FLUSH THAT CARD FROM THE BOTTOM!**



TOMBSTONE BECAME SYNONYMOUS WITH EVERYTHING WILD, DARING RECKLESS AND NOVEL!



BUD PHILPORT A MEMBER OF THE CLANTON McLOWERY GROUP

THE FEUD BETWEEN THE EARPS AND CLANTONS BROUGHT TOMBSTONE'S HISTORY TO ITS HEIGHT IN DISORDER. IT STARTED WHEN THE CLANTONS AND McLOWERYS, A GROUP OF COWBOYS ACCUSED DOC HOLLIDAY, A MEMBER OF THE EARP CLAN, OF HOLDING UP A STAGE-COACH AND KILLING--

HOLLIDAY, WE ARE ACCUSING YOU OF THE KILLING OF BUD PHILPORT AND HOLDING UP THE STAGE!

YOU MEN ARE GOING TO HAVE A HARD TIME PROVING THAT!



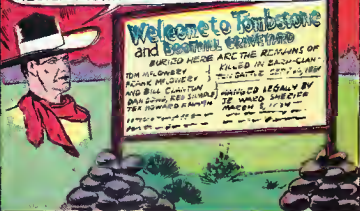
THE CLIMAX CAME WITH A GUN-FIGHT AT THE OK CORRAL IN 1881.



KILLINGS BETWEEN THESE TWO GROUPS CONTINUED UNTIL THE REMAINING EARPS FLED AFTER KILLING MORE MEN



WELL READERS, THERE YOU HAVE THE BIRTH HISTORY OF ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS WESTERN TOWNS, THERE WERE MORE KILLINGS AND MASSACRES LATER ON, BUT GRADUALLY LAW AND ORDER WAS RESTORED AND TOMBSTONE SETTLED DOWN TO BECOME A QUIET WESTERN TOWN







**JIM** IS SOMETIMES CALLED THE DISCOVERER OF GREAT SALT LAKE IN 1824, AND WAS ONE OF THE FIRST WHITE MEN TO EXPLORE THE YELLOWSTONE PARK REGION EXTENSIVELY. HE BUILT FORT BRIDGER, A TRADING POST IN 1842 ON THE BLACK FORK OF GREEN RIVER. HE COULD MAP ANY PART OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS WITH CHARCOAL ON A PIECE OF BUFFALO SKIN.

PIONEER AMONG PIONEERS

## JIM BRIDGER

**JIM BRIDGER**, BORN IN 1795, BEGAN HIS FRONTIER EDUCATION AT FORT OSAGE IN 1810 AND LATER WORKED WITH THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN FUR COMPANY. HE SCOUTED MANY TRAILS, INCLUDING THE ONE THAT BEARS HIS NAME. HE WAS SUCH A GREAT SCOUT, THAT THE U.S. ARMY LOOKED FOR HIS ADVICE IN FRONTIER MATTERS. ALIVE BRIDGER WAS A LEGEND, WHEN HE DIED, HE INSPIRED COUNTLESS OTHERS TO FOLLOW HIS TRAILS.

**HE** BECAME FAMOUS AS A MOUNTAIN MAN, FOR ABOUT FIFTY YEARS HE TRAVELED OVER THE ROCKIES. SHOT BY AN INDIAN, HE CARRIED AN ARROW-HEAD IN HIS BACK FOR THREE YEARS, AND THE WOUND NEVER BECAME INFECTED, HE WAS THAT TOUGH!



# HI-YO! KIDS!

## LONE RANGER'S

### 'Silver Bullet'

## BALL POINT Pen Set

With Cowboy's Belt



Belt and Cartridge Holder Genuine Tooled Steerhide — Engraved Silvery Metal "Fixins!"

For Ranger's Secret Code 3-Pen Set Writes in 3 different Colors!

See TEXAS LONGHORN BUCKLE — also TIP and GUARD — engraved in simulated SILVER!

Lone Ranger Pol! Now use his own "Silver Bullet" pen set for his secret code! Carry safely in the cartridge holder of this real steerhide cowboy's belt — with silvery engraved longhorn buckle and fixins! — all included. These Lone Ranger pens are real writin' sure-nuff ball point pens in bullet shape . . . never need filling! Use pen with picture of the Lone Ranger to write BLUE for secret. Use pen with Silver's picture to write RED for danger. Pen with Tanto's picture writes GREEN — for "HI-YO! Let's GO!"

#### BE FIRST TO WEAR IT!

Your crowd will envy you as first to have the LONE RANGER'S "Silver Bullet" pen set with cowboy belt. A good looker, tool belt and cartridge holder are finest steerhide, tooled real Western style with oak-leaf pattern, and holder has engraved pictures of the Ranger, Silver and Tanto. Handsome

buckle, tip and guard are engraved in simulated silver. Buckle design is real cowhand style with head and horns of wild Texas longhorn. Yet belt and "Silver Bullet" pen set complete are only \$1.98 — belt sizes are 22 to 32 — and you can try on at a cost! Read this thrilling offer!

#### YOUR 3 PENS WRITE

RED for danger  
BLUE for secret  
GREEN for "HI-YO! Let's GO!"



#### SEND NO MONEY

—Just mail coupon and an delivery pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or, to save postage, enclose \$2.00 now. Have grand fun with LONE RANGER'S "SILVER BULLET" PEN SET and the COWBOY'S BELT for 10 days. Then, if you want, just return for money back. Don't miss this super thrill. Be a real Ranger pol — and mail coupon today

#### You Get

- 3 Ball Point Pens in Lone Ranger "Silver Bullet" Set
- 1 Cartridge Holder
- 1 Tooled Western Belt
- 1 Engraved Longhorn Buckle in Simulated Silver all for \$1.98

all for \$1.98

#### RUSH COUPON NOW

LYNN SALES CO., Dept. 204  
106-01 Merrick Rd., Jamaica, New York

Send at once your new LONE RANGER'S STEERHIDE BELT, CARTRIDGE HOLDER and "SILVER BULLET" PEN SET — complete for only \$1.98, BELT SIZE —

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.
- ☐ To save postage, I enclose \$2.00.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, Zone, State, \_\_\_\_\_

Money Back Guarantee: —

If not delighted may be returned in 10 days for full price refund